Che **Abysmal Brute**

By JACK LONDON



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PROLOGUE.

Few authors living today have the force and directness, the rugged strength and vitality of style of Jack London. This new novel is one of his best. It is a story of the prize ring, a real man's story, big and vigorous and thrilling. Behind the tense life, the excitement of the fight itself, one can see in reading it the crookedness, the devious ways of the keen witted men who stage the big fight and reap the profits. More than this, one can see into the soul of the Abysmal Brute himself, one of the strangest, most human and fascinating characters London has ever drawn, a bruiser who is a scholar as well, who is honest and clean and innocent up to the moment of his distillationment-a veritable cross section of a stronge phase of American

CHAPTER L

AM STURENER ran through his carelessly and rapidly. As. ome a mounter of prize fightens be was arctistomed to a various and bixarre correspondence Every crank, sport, near sport and reformer seemed to have ideas to impart

From dire threats against his life to milder threats, such as pushing in the front of his face, from rabbit foot fetishes to meky horseshoes, from dinky jerkwater bids to the quarter of a million offers of trresponsible nobodies, he knew the whole run of the surprise portion of his mail. In his time having received a razor strop made from the skin of a lynched negro and a finger, withered and sun dried, cut from the body of a white man found n Death valley, he was of the opinion that never again would the postman bring him snything that could startle

But this morning he opened a letter that he read a second time, put away In his pocket and took out for a third reading. It was postmarked from some unheard of postoffice in Sisklyou county, and it ran:

Dear Sam-You don't know me, except ny reputation. You come after my time, nd I've been out of the game a long time. But take it from me, I sin't been asleep. I've followed the whole game, and I'va followed you from the time Kal Aufman knocked you out of your last handling of Nat Belson, and I take it you're the niftiest thing in the line of managers that ever came down the pike.

up of small accounts.

I got a proposition for you. a got the Goodby, Tim, me boy.' And I've never greatest unknown that ever happened. This ain't con. It's the straight goods

This ain't con. It's the straight goods. What do you think of a husky that tips the scales at 20 pounds fighting weight is twenty-two years old and can hit a kick twice as hard as my best ever? That's him, my boy, Young Pat Glendon, that's the name he'll fight under. I've planned it all out. Now, the best thing you can do is hit the first train and come up here.

I bred him, and I trained him. All that I ever had in my head I've hammered into his. And maybe you won't believe it, but he's added to it. He's a born fighter. He's a wonder at time and distance. He just knows to the second and the inch, and he don't have to think about it at all. His six inch jolt is more the real sleep medicine than the full arm swing of mos

Talk about the hope of the white race. This is him. Come and take a peep. When you was managing Jeffries you was crasy about hunting.

Come along and fil give you some real
hunting and fishing that will make your
moving picture winnings look like 30 cents. I'll send Young Pat out with you. I ain't

able to get around. That's why I'm sending for you. was going to manage him myself, but it sin't no use. I'm all in and likely to pass out any time. So get a move on. I want you to manage him. There's a for-tune in it for both of you, but I want to draw up the contract. Yours truly, PAT GLENDON.

Stubener was puzzled. It seeme's on the face of it, a joke-the men in the fighting game were notorious jokers-and he tried to discern the fine hand of Corbett or the big friendly paw of Fitzsimmons in the screed before him. But if it were genuine, he knew it was worth looking into.

Pat Glendon was before his time. though, as a cub, he had once seen Old Pat spar at the benefit for Jack Dempsey. Even then he was called "Old" Pat and had been out of the ing for years. He had antedated Suilivan in the old London prize ring rules, though his last fading battles had been put up under the incoming Marquis of Queensberry rules.

What ring follower did not know of Pat Glendon?-though few were alive | land at Deer Lick in the early mornwho had seen him in his prime, and ing, and he kicked his heels for an there were not many more who had seen him at all.

Yet his name had come down to the wrifer's lexicon was complete without it. His fame was paradocical.

No man was honored higher, and yet be had never attained championship honors. He had been unfortunate don and had been known as the unlucky

Four times he all but won the heavyweight championship, and each time be had deserved to win it. There was Pat Glendon lived out beyond. You the time on the barge, in San Fran- took the stage at Alpine, which was cisco buy, when, at the moment he forty miles and which was a logging had the championship going, he snap camp. From Alpine, on borseback, ped his own forearm, and on the island in the Thames, sloshing about in ed the divide to Bear creek. Pat six inches of rising tide, he broke a leg at a similar stage in a winning The people of Alpine would know. fight. In Texas, too, there was the never to be forgotten day when the police broke in just us he had his man going in all certainty,

syndicate of betters. Put Glendon had give him final directions. had no secidents in that fight, but when he had knocked his man cold doubt there was a young Pat Glenwith a right to the jaw and a left to don, as well as an old one, living out the solar plexus, the referee calmly beyond. disqualified him for fouling. Every knew there had been no foul.

Yet, like all fighters, Pat Glendon had agreed to abide by the decision of the referee. Pat abided and accepted it as in keeping with the rest of his bad

This was Pat Glendon. What bothered Stubener was whether or not Pat had written the letter. He carried it downtown with him.

"What's become of Pat Glendon?" Such was his greeting to all sports that morning. Nobody seemed to know, Some thought he must be dead, but none knew positively. The fight editor of a morning daily looked up the records and was able to state that his death had not been noted. It was from Tim Donovan that he got a clew.

"Sure an' be sin't dead," said Donovan. "How could that be-a man of his make that never boozed or blew himself? He made money and, what's more, he saved it and invested it. Didn't he have three saloons at one time? An' wasn't be makin' slathers

of money with them when he sold out? "Now that I'm thinkin', that was the last time I laid eyes on him-when he sold them out. 'T was all of twenty years and more ago. His wife had just died. I met him headin' for the ferry. Where away, old sport? says L 'It's me for the woods,' says he. 'I've quit.

seen him from that day to this. Of course be ain't dend."

"You say when his wife died-did he have any children?" Stubener queried. "One, a little baby. He was luggin' it in his arms that very day."

"How should I be knowin'?" It was then that Sam Stubene

"Was it a boy?"



The Fight Editor Was Able to State That His Death Had Not Been Noted.

reached a decision, and that night found him in a Pullman speeding toward the wilds of northern California, Stubener was dropped off the overhour before the saloon opened its doors

No, the saloon keeper didn't know history of the ring, and no sporting anything about Pat Glendon, bad never heard of him, and if he was in that part of the country be must be out beyond somewhere. Neither had the one hanger on ever heard of Pat Glen-

At the hotel the same ignorance obtained, and it was not until the storekeeper and postmaster opened up thes Stubener struck the trail. Oh. yes: you rode up Antelope valley and cross-Glendon lived somewhere beyond that

Yes, there was a young Pat. The storekeeper had seen him. He had been into Deer Lick two years back. Old Put had not put in an appearance And finally, there was the fight in for five years. He bought his supplies the Mechanics' pavillon in San Fran- at the store and always paid by check, cisco, when he was secretly jobbed and he was a white baired strange old from the first by a gun lighting bad man. That was all the storekeeper mun of a referee backed by a small knew, but the folks at Alpine could

It looked good to Stubener. Beyond

That night the manager spent at the s, every sporting ex- logging camp of Alpine, and early the be as much as peep at her letters. pert, and the whole sporting world following morning he rode a mountain cayuse up Antelope valley. He



"Jeffries could 'a' worried the young un a bit."

rode over the divide and down Bear creek. He rode all day through the wildest, roughest country he had ever seen, and at sunset turned up Pinto valley on a trail so stiff and parrow that more than once he elected to get

off and walk. It was 11 o'clock when he dismounted before a log cabin and was greeted by the baying of two huge deerhounds. Then Pat Glendon opened the door, fell on his neck and took him in.

"I knew ye'd come, Sam, me boy," said Pat, the while he limped about, building a fire, boiling coffee and frying a bear steak. "The young un ain't home the night. We was gettin' short of meat, and he went out about sundown to pick up a deer. But I'll say no more. Wait till ye see him. He'll be home in the morn, and then you can try him out. There's the gloves. But wait till ye see him.

"As for me, I'm finished. Eighty-one come next January an' pretty good for an ex-bruiser. But I never wasted meself. Sam, nor kept late hours an' burned the candle at all ends. I had a dashed good candle an' made the most of it, as you'll grant at lookin' at me. And I've taught the same to the young un. What do you think of a lad of twenty-two that's never had a drink in his life nor tasted tobacco? That's

"He's a giant, and he's lived natural all his days. Wait till he takes you out after deer. He'll break your heart travelin' light, him a carryin' the outfit and a big buck deer belike. He's a live wire in an ice chest." child of the open air an' winter nor summer has be slept under a roof. The open for him, as I taught him.

"The one thing that worries me is how he'll take to sleepin' in houses an' o' him, with the two fists of him, an' how he'll stand the tobacco smoke in the ring. "I's a terrible thing, that smoke, when you're fighting hard an' gaspin' for air. But no more. Sam, me boy. You're tired an' sure should be sleepin'. Wait till you see him, that's all. Wait till you see him."

But the garrulousness of age was on old Pat, and it was long before he per-

mitted Stubener's eyes to close. "He can run a deer down with his own legs, that young un." he broke out again. "'Tis the dandy trainin' for the lungs, the hunter's life. He don't know much of else, though he's read a few books at times an' poetry stuff. He's just plain pure natural, as you'll see when you clap eyes on him. He's got the old Irish strong in him.

"Sometimes, the way he moons about, it's thinkin' strong I am that he believes in the fairies and such like. He's a nature lover if ever there was one, an' he's afeard of cities. He's read about them, but the biggest he was ever in was Deer Lick. He misliked the many people, and his report was that they'd stand weedin' out That was two years agone-the first and the last time he's seen a locomotive and a train of cars. "Sometimes it's wrong I'm thinkin' I

am, bringin' him up a natural. It's given him wind and stamina and the strength of wild bulls. No city grown man can have a look-in against him, I'm willin' to grant that Jeffries at his best could 'a' worried the young un a bit, but only a bit. The young un could 'a' broke him like a straw. An' be don't look it. That's the everlasting wonder of it. He's only a fine seeming young husky; but it's the quality of his muscle that's different. But wait till ve see him, that's all.

"A strange liking the boy has for postes, an' little meadows, a bit of pine with the moon beyond, windy sunsets or the sun o' morns from the top of old Baldy. An' he has a hankerin' for the drawin' o' pitchers of things, an' of spouting about 'Lucifer or night' from the poetry books he got from the red headed school teacher.

"But 'tis only his youngness. He'll settle down to the game once we get him started, but watch out for grouches when it first comes to livin' in a city for him."

CHAPTER

GOOD thing; he's woman shy. They'll not bother him for years," continued Old Pat. 'He can't bring himself to understand the creatures, an' few of them has he seen at that. 'Twas the schoolteacher over at Samson's Flat that put the poetry stuff in his head. She was clean daffy over the young 'un, an' he never a-knowin'.

"A warm halred girl she was-not a mountain girl, but from down in the flat lands-an' as time went by she was fair desperate, an' the way she went after him was shameless. An' what d'ye think the boy did when he tumbled to it? He was scared as a jackrabbit. He took blankets an' ammunition an' hiked for tall timber.

"Not for a month did I lay eyes on him, an' then he sneaked in after dark and was gone in the morn. Nor would stance, when asked where he had pick 'Burn 'em,' he said. An' burn 'em I did. Twice she rode over on a cayuse all the way from Samson's Flat. an' I was sorry for the young creature. She Stubener, "an' a trail that'd break was fair hungry for the boy, and she looked it in her face. An' at the end of three months she gave up school an' went back to her own country, an' then it was that the boy came home to the shack to live again.

"Women ha' been the ruination of many a good fighter, but they won't be of him. He blushes like a girl if anything young in skirts looks at him a second time or too long on the first one An' they all look at him. But when he fights, when he fights! It's the old savage Irish that flares in him, an' drives the fists of him.

"Not that he goes off his base. Don't walk away with that. At my best I was never as cool as he. I misdoubt 'twas the wrath of me that brought the accidents. But he's a . iceberg He's hot an' cold at the one time, a

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Stubener was dozing when the old man's mumble aroused him. He listen-

ed drowsily. "I made a man o' him! I made a man

the upstanding legs of him, an' the straight seein' eyes. And I know the game in my head, an' I've kept up with the times and the modern changes. The crouch? "Sure, he knows all the styles an'

economies. He never moves two inches when an inch and a half will do the turn. And when he wants he can spring like a buck kangaroo. Infightin'? Wait till you see. Better than his outfightin', and he could sure 'n' sparred with Peter Jackson an' outfooted Corhett in his best. I tell you. I've tought 'm it all, to the last trick, and he's improved on the teachin'. He's a fair genius at the game.

"An' he's had plenty of husky moun tain men to try out on. I gave him the fancy work and they gave him the sluggin'. Nothing shy or delicate about them. Roarin' bulls an' big grizzly bears, that's what they are, when it comes to huggin' in a clinch or swingin' roughlike in the rushes. An' he plays with 'em. Man, d'ye hear me? He plays with them, like you an' me would play with little puppy dogs." Another time Stubener awoke, to hear the old man mumbling:

'Tis the funny think he don't take fightin' seriously. It's that easy to him he thinks it play. But wait till he's tapped a swift one. That's allwalt. An' you'll see 'm throw on the juice in that cold storage plant of his an' turn loose the prettiest scientific wallopin' that ever you laid eyes on.' In the shivery gray of mountain dawn Stubener was routed from his

blankets by old Pat. "He's comin' up the trall now," was the boarse whisper. "Out with ye an' take your first peep at the biggest fightin' man the ring has ever seen, or will ever see in a thousand years

again." The manager peered through the open door, rubbing the sleep from his beavy eyes, and saw a young giant walk into the clearing. In one hand was a rifle, across his shoulders a heavy deer, under which he moved as if it were weightless.

He was dressed roughly in blue overalls and woolen shirt, open at the ered young Pat saw it and, though it throat. Coat he had none, and on his feet instead of brogans were moccasins. Stubener noted that his walk was smooth and catlike, without suggestion of his 220 pounds of weight to which that of the deer was added.

The fight manager was impressed from the first glimpse. Formidable the young fellow certainly was, but the manager sensed the strangeness and unusualness of him. He was a new type, something different from the run of fighters.

He seemed a creature of the wild, more a night roaming figure from some old fairy story or folk tale than a twentieth century youth.

A thing Stubener quickly discovered was that young Pat was not much of a talker. He acknowledged old Pat's introduction with a grip of the hand, but without speech, and silently set to work at building the fire and getting

To his father's direct questions he answered in monosyllables, as, for in ed up the deer

"South fork," was all he couchsafed. "Eleven miles across the mountains." the old man exposited pridefully to

Breakfast consisted of black coffee. sour dough bread and an immense quantity of bear ment broiled over the coals. Of this the young fellow ate ravenously, and Stubener divined that both the Glendons were accustomed to an almost straight meat diet.

Old Pat did all the talking, though it was not till the meal was ended that he broached the subject he had at beart. "Pat, boy," he began, "you know

who the gentleman is?" Young Pat nodded and cast a quick, comprehensive glance at the manager.

"Well, he'll be takin' you away with him and down to San Francisco." "I'd sooner stay here, dad," was the answer.

Stubener felt a prick of disappointment. It was a wild goose chase after all. This was no fighter, eager and fretting to be at it. His huge brawn counted for nothing. It was nothing new. It was the big fellows that usually had the streak of fat.

But old Pat's Celtic wrath flared up and his voice was harsh with command.

"You'll go down to the cities an' fight, me boy. That's what I've trained you for an' you'll do it." "All right," was the unexpected re-

sponse, rumbled apathetically from the deep chest. "And fight like -," the old man

ndded. Again Stubener felt disappointment at the absence of flash and fire in the young man's eyes as he answered: "All right. When do we start?"

"Oh, Sam, here, he'll be wantin' a little huntin' and to fish a bit as well as to try you out with the gloves." He looked at Sam, who nodded. "Suppose you strip and give 'm a taste of your quality."

An hour later Sam Stubener had his yes opened. An ex-fighter himself, a beavyweight at that, he was even a better judge of fighters, and never had he seen one strip to like advantage. "See the softness of him." old Pat chanted. " Tis the true stuff. Look at the slope of the shoulders an' the lungs of him. Clean, all clean, to the last drop an' ounce of him. You're lookin' at a man. Sam. the like of which was never seen before. Not a

muscle of him bound. "No weight lifter or Sandow exercise artist there. See the fat snakes of muscles a-crawlin' soft an' lazylike. Walt till you see them flashin' like a strikin' rattier. He's good for forty rounds this blessed instant, or a hundred. Go to it! Time!"

They went to it. for three minute rounds with a minute rests, and Sam Stubener was immediately undeceived. Here was no strenk of fat, no con-

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thy, only a lazy, good natured play of gloves and tricks, with a brusque stiffness and harsh sharpness in the contacts that he knew belonged only to the trained and instinctive fighting

"Easy, now, easy," old Pat warned. "Sam's not the man he used to be." This nettled Sam, as it was intended to do, and he played his most famous trick and favorite punch-a feint for a clinch and a right rip to the stomach. But, quickly as it was deliv-

landed, his body was going away. The next time his body did not go away. As the rip started he moved forward and twisted his left hip to meet it. It was only a matter of several inches, yet it blocked the blow. And thereafter, try as he would, Stubener's gloves got no farther than

Stubener had roughed it with big men in his time, and, in exhibition bouts, had creditably held his own. But there was no holding his own

Young Pat played with him, and in the clinches made him feel as powerless as a baby, landing on him seem-



Old Pat's Celtic Wrath Flared Up.

ingly at will, locking and blocking with masterful accuracy and scarcely noticing or acknowledging his exist-

Half the time young Pat seemed to spend in gazing off and out at the landscape in a dreamy sort of way. And right here Stubener made another mistake. He took it for a trick of old Pat's training, tried to sneak in a short arm jolt, found his arm in a lightning lock and had both his ears cuffed for his pains.

"The instinct for a blow," the old man chortled. "Tis not put on, I'm tellin' you. He is a wiz. He knows a blow without the lookin', when it starts an' where, the speed an' space an' niceness of it. An' 'tis nothing I ever showed him. "Tis inspiration. He was so born."

Once in a clinch the fight manager beeled his glove on young l'at's mouth. and there was just a bint of vicious ness in the manner of doing it. A moment later, in the next clinch, Sam received the heel of the other's glove on his own mouth.

There was nothing snappy about it

but the pressure, stolldly lazy as it was, put his head back till the joints cracked, and for the moment he thought his neck was broken. He stacked his body and dropped his arms in token that the bout was over, felt the instant release and staggered clear "He'li-he'll do!" he gasped, looking the admiration be lacked the breath to

utter. (To Be Continued Next Wedneslay.)

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